

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



MRS. BATTS AND CLARA MEET ON GOOD ERRANDS.

## LAURA LOFT.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A FLATTERING LIKENESS.

On that drizzly, misty morning, when we left good Mrs. Batts wending her way towards the house of Charles Leporel, turning the corner of a street she came in full front of a lady whom she could not mistake, though her bulky cloak disguised her. It was Clara, who, with a basket in one hand and a

roll of papers in the other, was passing rapidly on to her work.

"Mrs. Batts!" she exclaimed, startled by the unexpected collision.

"And me, mum, just a going to see you, and coming upon you all of a moment this way," said Sally, recovering her breath; "and I hope I didn't fright you!" She then explained her errand, and made a very touching, if not very concise, appeal on behalf of poor Sir Antony.

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T T

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Clara assured her she had tried to discover what had become of him and his wife and child; she had heard of Lady Mildwater's tour of the provinces, and had concluded that her husband and the baby were with her.

Sally shook her head, and made some reflections on its being no disadvantage to the father and infant that such was not the case, if so be she had left some of his money behind her; "but," she concluded, "I suppose she couldn't do that, it being all gone, and none of it left but the money he's getting by the week from his uncle, which bairn't any of it."

Clara hesitated a moment, and then took Sir Antony's address, saying she would go to him that morning to see what could be done. Sally joyfully retraced her steps, and was back in time to take out the breakfast, and sat down tired, indeed, but much comforted by the thought of the help poor Tony would get, and how he would be sure to be able to have a doctor, "which will do him a nation of good, but not a pin's signification to the baby, as is bound to go to heaven if all the doctors in the world went to him; and a good thing too that nobody can hinder him. I don't know who'd stay in this world that could go to that, only for the sake of doing and helping a bit them as wants it, not even them as has their comforts about 'em, like me; and, oh, Sally, Sally! what a sight you've got to praise for!" As she said this she looked round her kitchen, at her fire, at her breakfast by her side. Her kitchen was very bare of furniture, her fire might have been twice or three times the size with advantage, and her breakfast was poor in quality and scant in quantity; but she looked gratefully on all, for with unfeigned humility she used to say she was "less than the least of her mercies." There was a look of such extreme satisfaction on her face that when little Myra came in to ask her about the poor baby she had been to see, she cried out, "I know the baby's better, you look so glad, Batty dear."

While Sally was enjoying the thought of the good Clara was going to do, that lady herself was perplexed not a little how to do it. As soon as she had disposed of the contents of her basket and of her papers in her district, she went towards his lodging, proposing to herself various schemes for the permanent advantage of the unhappy Tony; not one of which, however, on consideration, seemed feasible or possible to carry out, though to help him in his present difficulties was easy enough.

She tapped gently at the door of the house, which she had found after much time and trouble. It was opened immediately by Tony, who fell back when he saw who was there. Various emotions—shame, sorrow, doubt as to her motive in coming—kept him silent; while she, making her way in, said with a cheerful smile: "Dear Sir Antony, how unkind of you to hide yourself from all your friends. We had no idea you were within reach, or we should have been with you before now."

This friendly greeting quite broke him down, and he managed to stammer out a few sentences of "very unfortunate, a poor place for her to come to," etc., in a very broken voice, and led the way to the room where the baby lay, looking much as Sally had left it. She walked up directly to the bed, and bent down to listen to its breathing.

"He has slept a long time," said Tony, anxiously watching her face, to catch, if possible, a ray of hope from it.

"What a tender, kind father you have been to him!" exclaimed Clara, softly, having little doubt that the object of his tenderness was gently passing away.

"Oh, he has been such a comfort to me; I can't tell you what a comfort he has been! I shan't mind anything if I can save him; I will work at anything I can—anything," he said, earnestly.

Clara listened while he expressed his confidence that a doctor—a good doctor, would bring him round, at any rate to get one would relieve his mind. "You know I shall have done all I could do then," he said.

Hopeless as the case seemed, who could find the heart to tell the poor father that it was hopeless? Not Clara. She assented, and said she would when she left send the first physician in the place to see the child, and she placed her purse in his hand, telling him that there was not much in it then; but that he was to use it as his own, and she would get it refilled for him, adding, "When your affairs are put straight, you know, we can settle our accounts."

His gratitude was too great for words, but his grasp of her hand and his look of thankfulness were enough to show what he felt. She promised to see him soon again, and departed, hardly knowing if she felt more pity for him than anger at his unworthy wife.

"This is an extreme case; let us hope there is not another Lady Mildwater!" she said to herself, as she reflected on the injury such a history, if known, would be to the cause so dear to her. "After all, it has nothing to do with the question of women's rights; it is only the exhibition of extreme selfishness and self-seeking, making our cause its excuse. How many women there are who join in the cry against us, that are as faithless to their conjugal obligations as she is! Look at those who, to gratify their love of show, lavish their husbands' earnings on person and house, and bring them to ruin. Look at Mrs. Beverley; what better was she?"

When she got home she found Myrtle, who received her with a beaming face, and said, "Clara, dear Carlton has offered to place out one of the young Beverleys at some good school, where she is to be well-trained for getting her own living. Can you recommend one? He depends on your doing this; he has such an opinion of your judgment."

"I don't think the emigration scheme is given up, though it may not, I fear will not, be carried out, but until that question is settled, how can we interfere?" asked Clara.

Myrtle had half-expected a vote of praise to her husband for his concession, but concealed her disappointment, and said she thought poor Mrs. Batts ought to be considered, and that all her earnings went to help in maintaining Mrs. Beverley and these children, who could not, at any rate, go out before the spring.

"To take one off her hands till then will be good, don't you think so?" said Myrtle. "Carlton met the old woman as he brought me here. She amused him very much by telling him about poor Mildwater, turning a tragedy into a comedy by her way of describing it."

"I am glad," Clara replied, "that that unhappy case has not made Carlton more bitter against the subject than before."

"Oh, he says people like Lady Mildwater are monsters that belong to no order but their own; he

always detested *her*, and he used to despise *him*, but since he met Mrs. Batts, he has turned to pitying him, which is nicer, isn't it?"

"Oh, much," said Clara, reflecting on what had passed between her and Tony that morning.

Myrtle's purse was always open to any case that Clara made known, and she pressed it on her now.

"I think," said Clara, "something that will help him in the future must be thought of; some one must go and see this uncle, whose heart, though perhaps hardened by his nephew's folly and that woman's behaviour, is not of stone, or he would not have done what he has for him."

"Who can go?" asked Myrtle, who was willing, heartily, that any one should do anything in the way of kindness, though she could not see her way half an inch before her towards divining how that "anything" was to be done.

"Not you, dear, unless Carlton will go with you," said Clara, laughing.

"Oh, just consider," said Myrtle, seriously, for she thought her husband's concession in behalf of one of the young Beverleys deserved a handsomer return than the demand of such a sacrifice from him.

Clara laughed again, and said she could not see at present who must go, but she had no intention of calling on Mr. Davenant to do it. The proposal to place a Beverley out was then debated, and Charles was called to assist. While Clara was looking over various cards of reference to schools, and trying to recall what she knew of their conductresses, Myrtle went into the studio, at Charles's invitation, to see his new picture, which had now another heroine than Laura. Myrtle criticised it after her fashion, and Charles listened after his, when *she* criticised, that is, paying little or no attention, but studying it himself at a distance. Suddenly she cried out, "Oh, Charles! what a likeness! but a great deal nicer than poor Laura."

He coloured and looked a little confused as he saw that a sketch he had made from memory lay exposed on the table, but he replied carelessly, "Yes, it is like; but I don't think it is better, nor so good as she is, when she is at her best. Poor thing! that was an unfortunate finish; my picture would have been as good again if she had kept all right to the end. Have you heard from her lately? Where and how is she?" he asked, as if he were rather indifferent to the answer; and the simple-hearted Myrtle thought he was, and told him she had had bad accounts of her, that she was in very delicate health, and still unable to return home. "She was very much pleased with you, Charles, I am sure," she said, almost reproachfully, for his apparent indifference; "as to Clara, she thought much more of her than of me, though we were such old friends."

Charles looked unusually grave as he said, "I think we hardly felt enough either with her or for her; I, for one, put down the whole of her conduct to selfishness, and mistaken views of duty; but there was much to be said for her, and she ought not to be looked at nor dealt with as an ordinary woman. She would have shone out resplendently if she had had good early culture."

"She certainly was sadly spoiled," said Myrtle.

"Marred in the making; but I think yet she might be melted down in the furnace, and come out differently fashioned."

Myrtle assented with a kindly look, feeling quite grateful for this concession to her friend, little sus-

pecting how much more of tenderness lay beneath this moderate expression of it. As he spoke, he had cast another look at the sketch of Laura's head, and was replacing it in the portfolio when Mr. Davenant and Clara entered the studio.

"Show it to Carlton," said Myrtle.

Charles threw it carelessly on the table, and Myrtle held it up to her husband.

"Doesn't it look very nice, and like her, too?" she exclaimed.

Mr. Davenant shook his head. "Miss Loft? No! This is what she might be, if she were a great deal 'nicer' than she is, or ever will be, I am afraid," he answered.

"But Charles thinks—what did you say you thought?" she asked, turning to Charles.

They all laughed at her not choosing to commit him to more than he had said, and the conversation turned on the subject that Clara had truly declared herself weary of talking of, but which yet, as it was uppermost in her thoughts, was, of necessity, frequently the theme of discussion.

"I am more and more convinced," said Charles, "that it requires a large heart and an enlightened mind to see the thing in its true light. Individual character must be taken into account; we are so fond of sacrificing all to one stereotyped view of things: the view may be right, but rules are proved by exceptions, and the most important principle may be departed from in letter, so to speak, without contradicting its spirit. Miss Loft's character is no ordinary one; under happier training, and in an aspect more favourable, we might have placed her among heroines, with Grace Darling, Mrs. Fry, Miss Nightingale, and many others."

"Come, come!" said Mr. Davenant, "you don't mean to make such a *rara avis* of a piece of common-place like *that*!" pointing to the sketch.

"I deny that she is common-place: she is not equal to any I have named; she is now, and has been, less than nothing, in point of usefulness; but I take her apart from her background, and I maintain she has the material to make a character of their cast, not equally illustrious; but all stars in a constellation are not of the same magnitude; she belongs, or will do so, perhaps, to their constellation—that is all I maintain."

"Then you are coming round to what you used to fight against—women doing unwomanly work, and taking an unwomanly stand?" said Mr. Davenant.

"I am not speaking of women generally," he replied; "but I can see that women may, when fitted for it, without wrong to their sex or ours, take on themselves some of the work that we assume properly belongs to us."

"I think Charles has been converted by a pretty face of his own making," said Mr. Davenant, with a satirical smile.

Charles took up a newspaper that lay by his easel, and said—"Hear this; I think I shall make it my next picture, only where I am to get the captain's wife from I don't know." He read aloud an account of the disaster to the Abbie Clifford, from Pernambuco to New York, some of whose crew died of yellow fever, which likewise carried off the chief officer and prostrated the captain, when his wife took the sole command of the vessel, navigated it, and brought her sick husband and the remnant of the crew safe to New York, where the vessel was placed in quarantine. Above Cape Hatteras she encoun-



tered a terrific gale, which split the sails into ribbons, and carried away several spars; but Mrs. Clifford was equal to the occasion, and kept, unwearied and undaunted, at her post, till all the danger was over. "It appears" (the article concluded thus) "that Mrs. Clifford has been at sea several years with her husband, and has made most of the calculations during that time. Had it not been for her attention to duty and mathematical knowledge, there is scarcely a doubt that the Abbie Clifford would have been recorded in the list of missing vessels."

"There, what will you say to that? is Mrs. Clifford an invader of our rights, or a brave, high-souled woman? What she did was the result of her peculiar character and capacity, which had had the advantages for development," he said, as he put down the paper. "You will have him at your next meeting, Clara," said Mr. Davenant, with the same smile.

"I am for truth. We read of a Judith in the Apocrypha, a Deborah in the Old Testament; also a host of women in the New Testament, whom we reverence as helpers in spreading the gospel by works of love and ministering to the saints; these women had a call and obeyed it, to the good of the church and the glory of God. You can't deny that," said Charles.

"I wouldn't if I could," said Mr. Davenant; "I don't want to be 'painted with yellow ochre.' Come, Myrtle, you are not safe here; I shall have you applying for the command of a vessel, or a commission to nurse the army or catechise the prisons, and I want you for what I married you for, to be my loyal and obedient wife, reverencing her head!"

Clara, dubious as to how the conversation might terminate, interposed with a laugh, saying she wished the Abbie Clifford, and all its brethren, better commanders than either she or Myrtle would make, and begged to have Carlton's opinion of the school she had selected as the best of those with which she was acquainted. He was, however, out of humour by this time with the subject, and said hastily he would see Mr. Grey, and give him the sum he had designed for the use of the Beverleys, and he might dispose of it as he judged best.

Myrtle looked much disappointed; she had planned such pleasant things; she had looked forward to making the little girl such happy holidays, and to acting an elder sister's part to her while at school, in providing for all her wants.

But although her husband had shown much more amiability of late, she did not venture even a remonstrance now, and Clara, who understood exactly how things were between them, felt that she acted wisely.

When they had left, Clara said to Charles,—

"I would not stand in the way of your arguments; but remember this, my brother, all those stars you named had hearts matching, even surpassing, their minds. How about this Miss Loft? I never thought there was much, if any, heart in her?"

"It has been stifled, perhaps, in sorrow and disappointment; it may get power to beat and breathe," he answered.

"Sorrow and disappointment alone won't do it, even if she has a stifled heart for them to work on," said Clara.

"Then, let us hope, for the sake of humanity, that what more is necessary may be given her," he answered, and took up his brush with an air that implied he had said all he meant to say, for that time at least.

When she had left the studio, he took up the sketch and looked at it, and exclaimed,

"Quite true. It is *not* like her, as she is; Clara is right; it never will be till she has a heart; and yet I thought more than once I saw one in her eyes."

### The Sickle and the Plow.

I SHUT my book, and went a-field one night  
To hearken for God's word,  
For it had vanished, and the lettered page  
Was meaningless and blurred.

Upon my face and lips and jaded eyes  
The night wind softly blew;  
Whilst deep-drenched meadows washed my pilgrim feet  
With baths of kindly dew.

So taking heart I looked right up to heaven,  
And saw far off on high  
The crooked sickle of the autumn moon  
Gleam dry-edged in the sky.

The white stars came in leaps like drifted sparks,  
Redder the sickle grew,  
As in a smoky furnace of dim cloud  
'Twas heated thro' and thro'.

Slowly from farthest heights it downward dropped  
Then caught a distant tree,  
Burnt thro' its branches—touched the edge o' the world,  
And vanished then to me.

But now across the sky the mighty Plow  
Drove out with ample share,  
And in its steadfast wheeling, well I knew  
I had my message there.

To-day the plowing in the field of life  
Fetching thy furrows deep;  
God gives the seed and sunshine, presently  
He'll give me leave to reap.

The wages o' the rest are yet to come,  
The working time is *now*;  
I'll keep before me thro' my future years  
The Sickle and the Plow.

ALFRED NORRIS.

### RABBI DUNCAN.

ONE of the writer's earliest recollections is a scene that presented itself on his entering the drawing-room of a country manse in the far north, the home of his childhood. There, oblivious of place and company, with both legs resting among the ornaments of the table, sat a visitor who had come to spend a few days in the house, busy reading, and every now and then opening the leaves of his book with his forefinger and thumb, a process which he performed dexterously enough himself, but which, as may be imagined, was a perilous precedent when youngsters were there to watch. Years passed away; we came to know the eccentric stranger of these days, both as his student and personal friend; and although our wonder at his manifold oddities did not diminish, on further acquaintance it got to be tempered with a loving reverence for those rare qualities of genius and character which made Dr. John Duncan, of Edinburgh, one of the most noteworthy and picturesque figures of his time.

Of this unique man, remarkable alike for his learning and his loveableness, one who, without leaving a

single literary monument of his vast attainments, has nevertheless written himself deep in the theological thought of his country, as well as in the hearts of his friends; whose linguistic accomplishments were such that the late Dr. Guthrie used to say he could speak his way to the wall of China; whose table-talk alone fills a delightful little volume, which has secured him the name of the Scotch Neander at the hand of Dean Stanley; and who has attracted the pens of two distinguished biographers within the three years which have elapsed since his death,—we propose offering a short sketch, along with some personal reminiscences.

John Duncan was born in Aberdeen in 1796. His father apprenticed him to his own trade, notwithstanding that the boy had already betrayed a thirst for books, and had been overheard praying in an illness that God would spare him to wear the "red cloakie," the badge of the university of the town. But spoilt leather and constant fits of crying made it plain that John's vocation was not to be that of a shoemaker, and accordingly he was released from the last to undergo a year or two's preparatory training, and enter college at the early age of fourteen. Those who happened to be his cotemporaries during the eight years or more of his academic life retain the highest recollection of him, and have furnished us with some rather surprising glimpses of the embryo Orientalist. Unable at times to stammer through his prescribed lesson, while ranging in regions undreamt of in the somewhat narrow culture of a Scotch University; entering his classroom now and then within five minutes of the hour of dismissal, while he avowed himself an ardent disciple of the very professor he complimented so poorly; haunting the rooms of his fellow-students at night, and earning his supper by translating their homilies for them into the choice and idiomatic Latinity of which he was already an acknowledged master; rollicking wildly with his cronies, or sauntering dreamily for long days by himself; pelted with potatoes by schoolboys in the street, who saw in his half-grotesque, half-pathetic appearance, the kind of silent challenge no mischievous urchin can ever resist; taking in private pupils and losing them because he received them in bed, and fell asleep ere the lesson was well begun; teaching one school, and giving the children he flogged halfpence to keep them quiet; leaving another school after quarrelling with the French master, and challenging him to a duel!—such was Rabbi Duncan in his early life. Altogether, those who expected to find in his student days any very brilliant outward promise of the future will be disappointed; while those who knew him afterwards must perceive in the picture a certain consistency with the character he subsequently developed.

All the time, however, Duncan had been reading omnivorously, though after the desultory fashion he retained to the last, and laying the foundation of his wide and curious learning. Nor was this the whole. Within this rude, unkempt, unconventional lad, who spent his Sundays among the rocks by the sea-shore, and refused to go to church because there was nothing to be heard there worth listening to, the stirrings of religious earnestness had already made themselves felt. For three years he confesses himself to have been a Pantheist; and that his creed at this time was far from being a mere thoughtless bravado, but the sorrowful refuge of a deeply earnest and bewildered soul, appears from his own striking words: "When I

was convinced that there was a God, I danced on the Brig of Dee for delight, though I had fear that he would damn me." Yet for a considerable time after the recovery of his belief in a personal God, Duncan remained at heart a Socinian. And although he took licence in the Church of Scotland, he maintained himself in no wise pledged to a private adherence to the doctrines he had subscribed, but only to abstain from openly controverting them. Then came the memorable interview which determined anew and for ever the currents of his spiritual life, and rescued him from the occupation of a position whose casuistical immorality seems, strangely enough, to have given him little uneasiness at the time. Some friends brought him into contact with the well-known César Malan, then on a visit to Aberdeen. For a half-hour they were closeted together, the gentle, fervid, apostolic Genevan pastor, and the shy, *outré*, and sceptical young Scotchman, in whom so much of the very same sweetness and light that characterised the religion of his spiritual guide was yet to be reproduced and enhanced; and at the close of the conversation, when the two re-entered the room, Malan whispered to a neighbour his conviction that "Duncan would come all right." For what passed between them during these eventful moments, as well as for the subsequent conflict through which the inquirer attained at length a firm and abiding persuasion of religious truth, we must refer the reader to Duncan's own touching narrative in his "Life."

Mr. Duncan's early ministerial days were spent in Persie, a remote district in Perthshire, where many traditions of his words and ways still linger amongst the old people. We have been favoured with the following characteristic story by one closely connected with the scene of his labours at this time. One afternoon he appeared at the door of a parishioner, white with dust and very weary, leading a mangy-looking dog which he had purchased from some urchins who were about to drown it. Having been asked to spend the evening in the home, he went up-stairs to his room to prepare for dinner, but the poor brute refused to be separated from his deliverer. An hour or two passed, and the doctor not being visible, his chamber was entered, where the two were found together in bed, "in each other's arms," as our informant graphically phrased it, and both sound asleep! We grieve to add the dog was quietly abstracted from its position, and met the fate from which he had been temporarily saved, while its master was allowed to slumber unconsciously on. But the sequel is stranger still. When the doctor at length awoke, he neither asked for nor missed his companion; the whole circumstance had vanished from his memory! The parish of Persie had been neglected, and during his ten months' pastorate the doctor seems to have laid the scourge about him pretty freely. But the Scotch peasantry have a quick sense for character, and despite his eccentricities and austerity, the worth of the man speedily secured him a warm place in the hearts of his simple country flock.

In 1831 Mr. Duncan was removed to Glasgow, where a small but appreciative circle of listeners hung weekly on his lips in the Milton church. We have been told that a brief experience of his ways impressed the congregation so deeply with the fact that it was not good for their pastor to be alone, that a deputation waited on him to deliver themselves on the subject. Their representations were

listened to with suitable gravity, but after they had recommended the lady, who, by the way, oddly enough became the second Mrs. Duncan a few years subsequently, they were informed they were too late. In fact, a unique courtship was already going on, and letters crossed and recrossed with Greek and Hebrew characters were flying fast and thick northward to the bride elect, Miss Tower, of Aberdeen, towards whom Mr. Duncan insisted on playing both lover and pedagogue at once.

After missing by a single vote the chair of Oriental Literature in the University of Glasgow, and receiving the degree of LL.D. from his Alma Mater, who thereby set her seal on the extraordinary range of acquirements which he professed on his candidature, Dr. Duncan was loosed from his charge, and proceeded to Pesth to take charge of the General Assembly's Mission to the Jews. On the singular concatenation of events that led to the choice of the capital of Hungary as a centre of operations, and the providential circumstances under which the enterprise gained a footing at its very outset, we cannot now dwell, and it is the less necessary to do so that the particulars are already familiar to the readers of the "Sunday at Home." Left only with two inexperienced coadjutors in the heart of this foreign city, surrounded on all hands with explosive elements, that were ready at any moment to shatter the work he was engaged in, Dr. Duncan displayed an amount of tact, energy, and worldly wisdom, in the Pauline sense, that amazes those who knew him. We confess to a feeling akin to bewilderment at the phenomenon of a man, who in his days of learned ease scarcely knew how to put on his own clothes, or find the way to the door of his own house, and who yet was able almost single-handed to conduct this delicate and arduous task in such a way as to be known as "the cunning missionary." He studiously adapted himself to the customs and regulations of the country, commanding the respect of clerical circles by his vast attainments, and winning their confidence by his judgment and modesty, while his fervid evangelistic spirit leavened quarters hitherto under the sway of a dreary rationalism. Nor were Duncan's efforts in behalf of the cause he was sent out specially to further without their encouragement. Scarcely a Sunday passed that there were not Jews at his English service. Jewish students began to be attracted round him. The rabbis paid him the compliment of inviting him in flattering terms to be present at the examination of their great public seminary. Among the more direct fruits of the mission was the conversion of Mr. Saphir, founder of this very school, a man of high social position in the Israelitish community, and the father of the excellent Presbyterian clergyman in London now. All the time the Archduchess Marie, the noble and pious wife of the Prince Regent of Hungary, proved unremitting in her interest towards the movement, while her Romish husband looked good-humouredly on, and suffered "Marie to have her own way." Dr. Duncan's peculiarities were a source of kindly amusement to both. Finding that the "polished, inlaid floors of the palace invariably marked the spot where he sat, being covered by the snuff which he unceremoniously took from his pocket in anything but a refined way," the Archduke, who had never himself had an interview with the eccentric Scotch missionary, presented him, through his wife, with a gold snuff-box. "For,"

says Mr. Smith, one of his two companions, "of course the doctor always took snuff in the palace as in all other places. He could as little get on without snuff as a steam-engine without fuel, and only about half of what he took found its way to his nose."

In 1843 Dr. Duncan, having cast in his lot with the seceding body, was recalled from Pesth to fill the Hebrew chair in the Free Church College, Edinburgh, the sphere which he occupied thenceforward onward to his death, and with which his name will remain chiefly associated. As a professor Dr. Duncan was, as might be expected, in some respects a failure, in others a success. As regarded the grammatical drillwork of a class he was helpless. One day would find him revelling at his own sweet will in the by-paths of the abstrusest philology, while his students were destitute of the very rudiments of the language. On another he would lose himself in a series of Hebrew puns, and stop to enjoy a hearty laugh over jokes which none save himself comprehended in the dimmest degree. On a third he would occupy the whole hour with his introductory prayer. Notwithstanding all this there were abundant results flowing from his appointment to the chair that affirmed the wisdom of the Church in placing him where it did. If he failed in the technicalities of his work, he was eminently useful in other and higher respects; his forte was not so much the communication of facts, as the communication of living influences. Few men, we apprehend, have sown themselves so deeply and so widely. True, in his duller moods his excavations were unproductive enough. For the better part of an hour, all that was thrown up might be little better than the driest summer dust as regarded the real needs of the class. But even then there were those of his students who waited for the nuggets that were sure to come, and bore them off, more than repaid for their patience. And then there were other and happier seasons, when the rubbish was nowhere, and the pure ore everywhere, gold that was refined in the crucible of a deep spiritual experience and wrought into the most artistic forms. Besides, too, there was a vein of sly fun which cropped out now and again, and which must not be overlooked among Dr. Duncan's features as a lecturer. To be able to pun in Hebrew was, perhaps, his most remarkable, but was by no means his most amusing, accomplishment in this line. Of course they lose in the telling, for the man was an integral part of the joke; but here are two instances that recur to us. Speaking on a difficult passage towards the end of Job, on which book it may be as well to premise that his assistant has published an uncompleted Commentary, he wound up with, "I would fain see this treated by my respected colleague, Mr. Davidson, if—if—" then came the irresistible twinkle into the doctor's one available eye, "if we could only persuade him to finish his *Job*."

And again, while explaining the words of the Psalmist, "Thou has considered my trouble; thou hast known my soul in adversities," as a plea for the fulfilment of the request that immediately follows—"Have mercy upon me, for I am in trouble," "It's the beggar's argument, gentlemen," he said. Then pausing a moment, he added with a *naïveté* it was impossible to withstand, "Eh, doctor, ye was aye kind afore." For we may remark in passing, Dr. Duncan's weakness for vagrants of all descriptions, and especially if there was a Jew in the case, was well known. In this respect he proved amenable neither to the advice of his much-enduring home



circle, whom he sometimes incommoded sadly, nor to the oft-repeated lessons of experience.

But to know Dr. Duncan aright, we should have seen him not in the pulpit nor yet in the class-room, but in the parlour. We have heard him say he required a listener in order to think. This was of course only partially correct. His mind must have been amazingly active during his solitude, every subject that crossed his horizon serving, as his biographer remarks, to "beget critical thought." But though this was true—true to the extent of at times constraining him to seek the audience—still we believe many of his mental processes remained half concealed from himself till the audience was thrust in his way. For his habits of study, which like everything else about the man were unique, savoured strongly of natural self-indulgence and a dislike to method. Not to speak of *place*—for he read in bed, stretched on the hearth-rug, curled beneath the table, and not unfrequently beneath the railing of a public square—the *plan* was often peculiar. You watched him kneeling at his table, his snuff-box of course conspicuous amidst the litter of books and papers at his elbow, while he propped his brow between his hands, and burrowed deep in some rabbinical commentary. Soon he turned round to the fire, seating himself on a chair—not, however, to digest his study, but to become equally oblivious over a well-thumbed novel, which he had picked up at some third-rate circulating library and kept lying open at his side. A quarter of an hour spent over his story, he betook himself once more to his folio, and really it was hard to say which luxury seemed the greater. Given, however, a hearer—best of all, a questioner—and he was stirred up to recall the floating conceptions of such hours as these and to make the repeated efforts necessary for their embodiment in those striking epigrammatic forms of which he could be such a master. At times like these the doctor was in his glory. Having once fairly warmed to his subject, he rose up and began to pace the room, expatiating in his own rich and sonorous tones, which retained all their fine Doric flavour without the slightest taint of provincialism. Lights from all manner of curious and unexpected quarters were brought by him to flash on his theme,—anecdotes, which he was unsurpassed in telling, were related. Now and then you saw him essaying once, twice, perhaps oftener, to give an idea hitherto unexpressed by him its adequate shape, till at length, with an inarticulate hesitating sound familiar to those who knew him, and which was generally the prelude of something memorable, out it came lucid, compact, unimprovable, in one of those splendid aphorisms; and then having succeeded, he would come up quite close to his listener, with his eye twinkling, chuckling audibly the while, and compel an assent by his own exultant, "What?—eh?—what?" This would be prolonged far into the small hours, and miles of carpet would be traversed before there was a possibility of getting him to bed; and even then it was no uncommon thing for the doctor, through whom the impulse of the conversation was still vibrating long after sleep and fatigue had conquered it in his guest, to present himself at the chamber door to add something that had newly occurred to him. Here we may mention a story which has a curious psychological interest of its own. A lady who made Dr. Duncan's acquaintance in Glasgow, where she was spending a few days with his niece, had a long and interesting conversa-

tion with him regarding the future life and man's relation to it, a subject which had a special fascination for him at the time, from the fact that the death of his wife had taken place only a week or two previously. The talk was extended far beyond midnight, and our friend's visit came to an end almost immediately after, if not on the following morning; nor did she meet Dr. Duncan again till she came across him in Princes Street, after his return from Pesth, and his election as professor. To her surprise she was instantly recognised by the doctor, who, without preface of any kind, ignoring the long interval that had elapsed, dispensing even with an introductory "Do you remember," resumed the thread of his conversation at the very point where he had dropped it on bidding her "good-night" fifteen years before—a conversation which, fortunately for the preservation of this most striking trait, remained as vividly impressed on his hearer's mind as his own.

Among Dr. Duncan's sayings not the least remarkable were his happy characterisations of ministers and sermons. In the case of young men, however, he was usually the most charitable of critics. Only gross ignorance or wanton perversion of the great verities roused him to anything like sharpness. We have known, indeed, of his sending a copy of the "Westminster Confession of Faith" marked in several places, to a preacher who he fancied had been playing fast and loose in the pulpit with the doctrines he had subscribed, and accompanying it with the passage, "Will Mr. —, or dare he, read these?" Yet no one was more susceptible when he caught the true evangelical ring in a sermon; no one more quick to interpret and respond to the freemasonry of a common spiritual experience, even where the tongue that betrayed it was the tongue of the stammering and unlearned. This, indeed, was only to be looked for in the man who, in his hours of depression and darkness, would request one of the lads in his class to remain behind, and would take a place by his side asking him to state in the simplest language he could command, the elementary truths of salvation; and who, on more than one occasion, when his co-presbyters were about to cut short the trial discourses of a candidate for license, on the plea that they had no time to listen further, interposed with, "But I am hearing for eternity."

Though we have said the doctor's *forte* was conversation, all who have frequently heard him are at one in saying that there were times when his own pulpit appearances rose to something unsurpassed in their own peculiar way. On such occasions his diminutive figure grew majestic, and his face, usually shrunken and furrowed, seemed smitten by a glory from afar, so rapt and glowing did it become; while the sublimity of his thoughts and his stately antique forms of utterance laid a never-to-be-forgotten spell on those who listened. For Dr. Duncan was a true poet. He was a poet in the transcendent sense in which every mystical and contemplative nature must be poetic when once Christianised. Of sensuous picturesqueness in language he had nothing, still less any conscious rhetorical artifice. The æsthetic in Duncan concerned itself rather with high abstractions than with concrete forms around him. Indeed, for the greater part of his life he was too busy with the riddle of this painful earth to open his eyes to its most obtrusive beauties of form and colour. Latterly, however, he began to show a curious and touching sense of this as involving not only a great, but, in

some measure, a culpable loss. "It is a beautiful world," he said shortly before his death, "and I am only coming to see this now I am going to leave it. I should like to carry with me a good impression." Yet he was none the less human—human to the very core of him. And while, amid all his multifarious reading, we are not aware that he was ever attracted by poetry of a purely descriptive character, we find that Hood's "Song of the Shirt" stirred him to his very depths.

Volumes might be filled with the doctor's eccentricities, to which his biographers, from a reason easily appreciable, have given but a modified prominence. They were, of course, simply grotesque excrescences on the really noble aspects of the man, his intense preoccupation with the unseen, his utter guilelessness, and his kindness of heart. Thus, while engaged in conducting family worship in a house where he was spending the evening, he gradually lapsed into forgetfulness of his surroundings, and made it plain to the company that he imagined himself at his own private devotions, and as if that were not sufficiently embarrassing, rose from his knees to begin undressing! He has been seen making his staff do service for an umbrella, and taking his umbrella with him as he walked robed from the vestry to the pulpit. There were times when the whereabouts of his sleeping-chamber in his own house proved a mystery too perplexing to solve; and he has been known to ring a neighbour's bell and ask where Dr. Duncan lived. A vivid picture rises before us while we write of the old man walking slowly towards the college, a pathetic apparition of helplessness among the passengers in a busy street, bands and tattered gown fluttering in the wind, as he returned from some expedition in time for his lecture—primed, we may not unreasonably suppose, with snuff. The following story we do not vouch for, but give as it has been told us. Dr. Duncan happened to be conversing with Dr. Chalmers in one of the retiring rooms connected with the divinity hall, when the servant brought in the chop which formed the latter's usual midday meal. This Dr. Duncan immediately appropriated, and was allowed to finish undisturbed. The bell was rung, Dr. Chalmers and the janitor exchanged glances, and in a little while the plate was again filled, only, however, to disappear in the same quarter. Yet a third time the dish was replenished, and a third time Dr. Duncan drew his chair before it. What was to be done? It was known the doctor had drained fourteen cups of tea at a sitting, and refused the fifteenth on the plea that he never took more than two; might not his chop-eating capacities, exercised as they were with a like unconsciousness, prove just as unlimited? We hardly suppose the great and good Principal ever had occasion to deliberate in a like conjuncture, but, so the anecdote runs, his readiness of resource did not desert him on the occasion. Slyly engaging his oblivious colleague in a discussion of "Edwards' Theory of the Will," a subject on which they often broke a lance together, and which neither believed the other understood, he waited till Duncan had risen from his chair in high excitement, and began to pace the room, and then, quietly taking the vacant seat, possessed himself of his lunch in peace.

Dr. Duncan's peripatetic tendencies, however, could not always be calculated on in respect of their yielding a like opportunity. We put him once at

the hospitable board of a mutual friend. By the time the meal was well through, and the dessert set down, he had talked himself up to the point where it was impossible for him to keep still in his chair; so seizing his dish in his hand he began to perambulate the room, using his spoon at one moment for the purposes of gesticulating, while at another he gave a still more comic emphasis to his remarks by a very audible proof he had not forgotten its more ordinary uses. His conversation on the occasion has now a pathetic interest for the writer, for it was the last time he was destined to meet this extraordinary man. Indeed, there was a something in what he said, and in the way he said it, that checked the smile that would otherwise have been bestowed on his oddities. But beyond the fact that he spoke at length on the subject of the resurrection and the spiritual body, giving a picturesque account of various little-known theories as to the questions involved—that he answered some one at the table who had remarked on the completeness of the separation between the sainted dead and their friends on earth, "Up-stairs and down-stairs are no so far awa'"; and that he quoted with a moist twinkle in his eye the words of an old father concerning the Saviour's little while, "*Paullulum! Eheu, paullulum, longum paullulum!*"—beyond this we can recall but little, as we would now fain do.

Dr. Duncan's last days were redolent throughout with the characteristics of his life, in their tender scrupulousness of conscience, their flashes of seer-like wisdom, and their deep "theologisings," from which the weary old man used to find a refuge in reading a children's religious periodical, and "learning Christianity like a little bairn." "I would be glad to go," was his beautiful saying, "if the Lord would give me Simeon's dismissal, Christ in my arms." His wish was granted. On the 21st of February, 1870, he fell asleep, repeating over and over again the words of our greatest Christian hymn:

"Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling."

Just before the end Dr. Duncan had expressed a wish that his remains should be taken to Glasgow; but on some one representing it as likely to be the desire of his church that he should rest in the Grange, Edinburgh, the spot already sacred to many colleagues and brethren, he gave the characteristic assent, "Well, well, it does not matter where the pickle (handful) dust lies." So he was buried in the loveliest of all Scotch cemeteries, hard by the walls of the church where he used to worship, in the presence of a large assemblage of students and of other mourners. Chalmers, Cunningham, and Bannerman sleep their long sleep around him. But John Duncan in his own peculiar walk was rivalled by none of these. In him, to quote the words of his accomplished biographer, Dr. David Brown, "there was a rare union of opposites, or rather antinomies, an intellect of immense strength and a heart of exquisite sensibility, book-learning and original insight, profound humility and consciousness of strength, rich humour and deep sadness, manly exegesis in dealing with the text of Scripture, and yet when that word was before him, and he stood in the presence of God, a reverence which made him put his shoes from off his feet, because the place whereon he stood was holy ground."

W. A. GRAY.





### Fair but Fleeting.

I SAW a little bird that was singing on a tree,  
And said, "You sing so sweetly, will you come  
and sing for me?"  
But he spread his dusky plumage, and he sped across  
the sea,  
For the ditty that he warbled was never sung for me.

I saw the dainty blossom of a white and fragile flower,  
And I said, "Come bloom for me in the centre of my  
bower,"  
But a white hand, bright as sunshine, came and plucked  
it from the stem;  
And I trow that it was culled to grace a princely diadem.

I met a kindred heart, and that heart to me said "Come;,  
And mine went out to meet it, but was lost in sudden gloom.  
Whither wander all these fair things? To some land beyond Time's sea?  
Is there nothing glad and lasting in this shadow-world for me?

G. C. C.

## MONT ST. MICHEL.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

THE town-clock of St. Servan, in Brittany, has two minute-hands, one set twenty minutes earlier than the other. The earlier time is that of the railway; the later that of the town. Hence it happened that whilst we were leisurely dressing, and taking our *café au lait*, at six o'clock one summer morning, we were startled out of our self-possession by the rattling of the railway-omnibus over the stony street under our window, and by the loud vociferations of every man and woman about our hotel, fully twenty minutes sooner than we had expected. We ran down with our bonnets, mantles, and gloves in our hands, and finished our toilet in the omnibus, with a dozen pair of brown French eyes fastened steadfastly upon us, and found ourselves at the station quite half an hour before the time for the train to start.

It is a warm, sunny morning, early enough to have a little of the dewy freshness of the night still lingering in the air. Through flat fields, bordered by tall poplar trees, runs the railway, with no other object of interest to be seen than the tobacco plants, set in formal rows less picturesque than turnip fields. At Dol, where we leave the train to continue our journey by omnibus, we have a specimen of the boasted superiority of the French in organisation. There are four omnibuses to set off, with about thirty passengers to be carried in them, and rather more than half an hour is consumed in this difficult manoeuvre, though the conveyances have been waiting in readiness, with their rough horses harnessed, and apparently nothing to be done but for the passengers to take their seats. But no, each person must have his name entered in an immense book, and must wait until a place is assigned to him, and not one omnibus can start until the list of names has been called out in a loud voice, and answered to, as in a school. Then we are allowed to go on, one after the other, in a string, as though we formed part of a procession or pilgrimage.

A long, quiet drive, certainly as sober as any English omnibus-load of strangers could be, though all besides ourselves are French. The country itself is quiet, and seems asleep; with none of the stir and movement of our more densely populated land. It is very thickly wooded, with here and there a little hamlet some distance from the high road, nestling down in a dingle, its thatched roofs so overgrown with moss and house-leek that they can hardly be distinguished from the green banks sloping down to them. Small homely churches stand in the midst, with a single bell hanging under their low pent-roof belfries. Here and there a lane runs down from the road, lying deep between high hedgerows, and shaded into a green twilight by the thick branches of the trees interlacing over it, leading, perhaps, to some solitary dwelling, half farm and half château, removed even from the slight din and dust of our small procession passing by twice a day.

The figures that people this lonely country are few and far between, but striking enough to fix themselves for ever on our memory. Now and then we pass a girl tending sheep by the wayside, with a distaff in her hand, spinning mechanically as she stares after us. At some of the cottage doors women are beating out flax, and in one farmyard we see a

group of men and women threshing corn on a threshing-floor with flails, which whirl round their heads in dangerous proximity to their next neighbours, but with wonderful precision. Here are two picturesque old beggars, a man and woman, with a little child between them in a white cap and a fringe of hair about her face; and not far behind them comes a very aged man, riding slowly along the sunny road on a donkey, with a long cloak of striped bed-ticking covering both it and him. At every turn we are reminded that we are not in England, even if the clearness of the atmosphere and brightness of the sunshine could leave us in any doubt.

About ten o'clock we reach Pontorson, and go through the same protracted ceremony as at Dol, in changing our omnibuses for those which are to take us on to Mont St. Michel. But it is market-day, and the odd figures of the Norman and Breton peasants amuse us too well for the time to hang heavily on our hands. The road after we leave Pontorson is the dustiest that can be imagined; the horses' hoofs sink over the fetlocks into loose, light powder at every step, and raise a cloud around us, which hides the omnibus in front and the one in rear of us. All that can be seen are the whitened hedgerows of feathery tamarisks growing on each side and in bloom if one could but discern the blossom, and long, low tumbrils, which we take at first to be artillery waggons, slowly plodding past us, heavily laden with sand from the old bay of Cancale, where the sea has left a deposit which is now valuable as a manure. Hundreds of these waggons are passing to and fro, each with teams of two or three horses, every one of which adds to the blinding clouds of dust which surround us. We are overjoyed when we reach at last the more solid sands, across which, about a mile away, there rises that which we have come so far to see, and have so long wished to see—the granite peak of the Mont St. Michel of Normandy.

As it stands before us now it has no background save the deep blue of the sky. It juts up directly out of a broad, level plain of sand, alone, with a sharp, clear outline of grey showing well against the blue. At the highest point, about five hundred feet above the plain, the pinnacles and buttresses of the church which crown the summit form a delicate, lace-like tracery against the sky, and give to the whole of the cone of granite an appearance of far greater height than it actually possesses. To the right hand of us the beach is encircled by a low, lovely curve of distant hills, the shore of the Bay of Cancale, which clasps the brown desert of sand and its shallow pools of salt water, with a belt of green lands and scattered villages lying in the sunny light of the summer noon.

The path across the sands is marked out only by the track of other wheels which have come this way since the last spring-tide washed over the plain. Here and there tall, bare poles are erected as a sort of guide, or rather as a beacon against the dangerous places, where the quicksands lie. It is neither safe nor pleasant to get off the beaten track. A friend of ours at St. Servan has told us how a carriage she was in began to sink in the treacherous, shifting sand, and though all who were in escaped, and the horses were unharnessed in time, the wheels were so far

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sucked in that it was impossible to drag out the carriage, and it sank slowly before their eyes. We hear, too, that it has happened sometimes when a vessel has been run ashore it has been swallowed up, and has completely disappeared in the space of a few hours. Fortunately, we have no opportunity of personally proving the truth of these statements, for we reach the mount in perfect safety, without a qualm of fear.

As we draw nearer we find strong fortifications built against the rock, wherever it is not in itself perpendicular and impregnable. Above the ramparts the little town, consisting of fifty or sixty houses, is seen climbing up the rock to the foot of the abbey, where a second cincture of walls and towers has been built for its defence. A rough stone causeway, very steep, leads to a narrow gateway which will admit only one conveyance at a time. Within is a small court, *La Cour du Lion*, crowded at this moment by all the inhabitants of the mount who are not busy in providing refreshments for our band of tourists and pilgrims. Beyond is a second gateway—possessing as ornaments on either side two rude pieces of cannon taken from the English in 1427, which are still pointed out with inextinguishable pride to every visitor—a second small court, and then a gateway with a portcullis, the arch of which communicates with the ramparts. After passing through these places of defence one enters the street of the town.

But can it be called a street? There are, to begin with, two noisy little inns, the *Golden Lion* and the *Golden Head* of St. Michel, opposite to which stands the high wall of the ramparts, with yellow flowers, and moss and ferns growing in every crevice. Beyond these a narrow winding causeway lies between a double-row of houses, with steps here and there cut out of the rock. The inns are in great bustle and confusion to-day, for the number of pilgrims is large, and the time they have to stay on the mount is extremely limited, less than two hours, during which they must perform their pilgrimage to the shrine, which secures to them a plenary indulgence, by a bull of the present pope, dated Jan. 12, 1866; and they must also eat their dinner, which tempts them by a delicious fragrance as they go by the inn-door. Some prefer to make sure of their dinner, others of their pardon. As for ourselves, we quickly resolve upon staying at least one night in this unique place, and so gain ample time for both dinner and pilgrimage.

The landlady of the *Golden Head*, a dark-eyed, gipsy-looking woman, shows us a chamber, and recommends it strongly as being under that of a compatriot, an English artist; but its windows are blinded by the ramparts, and open upon the noise and ill-odours of the narrow street below. We insist upon having a room very tranquil; and after some hesitation she finds a bunch of rusty keys, and invites us to follow her up the rock. On each side of the roughly-paved street the houses rise so high as to keep it in perpetual shade; houses half of timber with round Norman arches over the doorways, and deep cellar doors black with shadow. The women who are sitting on their house-steps wear caps bent like a roof, with long flaps turned up on each side of the face; the men are mostly barefoot and bareheaded, and are dressed in cool blue blouses. There is scarcely a sign of any visitors up here, for their route lies along the ramparts, and we are favoured with some marks of curiosity as we follow our landlady up the street.

She fits the key into the lock of a little house, and ushers us into it, leading the way to one very tranquil room. It is not inviting; the furniture is so simple it can scarcely be called furniture; a candle is stuck upon the chimney-piece with no kind of candlestick to hold it, and there is a good deal of dust lying about. But there are two windows opening straight upon the great plain of brown sand, leagues across, the pure air of the sea blowing over it, with neither smoke nor breath of a town mingling with it; there is perfect silence, except for the quiet rustling of some poplar trees growing under the walls of the abbey above us; and there is perfect freedom, for madame informs us we may keep the key of the house, and carry it in our pockets. We declare ourselves content, and madame, who has been inly afraid of our going over to the *Golden Lion*, is in raptures, and promises to arrange the room for us immediately. There is a second door, she tells us, opening upon the ramparts.

This gives the finishing touch to our satisfaction. There is freedom on both sides; the street and the ramparts become our property. We take possession of the latter at once, by going out through our door upon the walk, four feet broad, which runs along the top of the ramparts, interrupted by a succession of flights of grassy steps, from the portcullis to the gate of the abbey. On the other side of it is a wall breast-high, against which we lean and look out on the strange scene around us. The barren rippled sand stretches away for some miles to the low belt of hills encircling it, now covered with a purplish haze. A few winding streams of water, which look like paths, cross the plain, with here and there a shallow pool, ankle deep, lying in the hollows, where it was left by the last tide. Beneath us a plumb-line would fall down straight for some two hundred feet, to the foundation of granite rocks on which the wall is built. At this hour groups of women and children are scattered over the sands, seeking shell-fish in the shallow pools, and filling the air with their clear shrill cries. Nearer at hand, there is a faint chirping of birds, and we can catch the sound of voices and footsteps in the abbey above us, as a party of visitors passes through its echoing halls and galleries. But there is no noise of horses or wheels, no steamers or railway engines with their harsh whistle. All is perfect tranquillity and repose in the summer sunshine, and the air that just breathes upon us delicately from the sea, which shines one single line of glistening light on the horizon, is deliciously pure and fresh.

All the figures on the sand stand out with singular distinctness, and cast clear shadows, which seem to dog them as they pace along. Yonder are three priests, probably three of the monks whose home is in the abbey, coming slowly towards the town gate, in their black robes and peaked hats. A fisherman, in a long buff dress of some kind, with part of it drawn over his head, is stepping busily out seaward. A cart comes carefully over the plain with a load of peasants, whose laughter rings up to us. A few sea-gulls are flying by; we see them first by their shadows flitting below them as rapidly as they. Most of the afternoon we spend upon the ramparts, paying a visit now and then to the arch over the portcullis to watch the business going on in the inns below.

At four o'clock, when the rush of pilgrims and tourists is over, we present ourselves at the abbey



gate. It stands half-way up a broad staircase, under a vaulted roof, with an obscure and gloomy twilight falling upon it from some opening above. Two immense folding doors of massive wood, studded with nails, confront us, closed as if no mortal hand could open them. As we ring a bell, a small door, too low for us to enter without stooping, swings back, and we continue to ascend the staircase till we reach a large vestibule or hall, and find in it two or three stalls, precisely like those in a modern bazaar, containing a variety of souvenirs of Mont St. Michel. The stalls are presided over by a black-robed brother of the monastery, who solemnly summons a guide, and we are handed over to him, having the good fortune to have the place shown to us alone, unaccompanied by a troop of visitors. The guide is a bright, handsome boy of eighteen, who is quickly lured away from his formal routine of duty, and becomes eager to converse with us, grieving, with a very genuine and ingenuous sorrow, over us when we tell him, in answer to his inquiry, that we are Protestants as well as Englishwomen. "What a pity! What a pity!" he exclaims, the tears springing to his bright young eyes; "I must pray much for you." It is evident that he regards us with as great a compassion as if we were sunk in deep and degrading superstition.

The lower part of the Monument, as the massive pile of buildings is called by the inhabitants, consists of a strongly fortified citadel, containing many mysterious passages and vaults, with great halls and saloons of Gothic architecture. The vestibule was partly hollowed out of the rock in 1117, and during the feudal ages served as guard-house and servants' hall. Two staircases, formed in the thickness of the wall, lead to a magnificent saloon above, *la salle de chevaliers*, divided into four aisles by three rows of pillars, with finely sculptured capitals. Above this saloon are the cloisters, the most beautiful portion of the building; the whole of this part of the Monument is named the "Marvel," for its wonderful strength and magnificence. These cloisters are truly a marvel of architecture. They stand almost on the summit of the rock, surrounding a square court, open to the blue sky, and that alone, with no other object visible, except here and there, where one of the pointed archways is left open to form a frame to the wondrous picture of sea and sand and distant hills, which seem all unreal and dream-like. There are two hundred and twenty columns, standing in three close ranks, with arches intersecting one another and resting upon thin granite pillars, some of which are highly polished. The spandrels of the arches are filled up with exquisitely designed ornaments of leaves, fruit, and flowers, each one different, and wrought in soft white limestone which has kept a wonderful clearness and sharpness of outline. The silence up here is supreme; one feels lifted up far above all the stir and tumult of the busy world, even of the little town beneath, with its single street and small group of houses, which, compared with this still solitude, seems a very Babel of confusion and noise.

Descending from the cloisters we enter the church, where our devout young guide displays to us some remarkable relics, and still more remarkable and grotesque bas-reliefs. Everywhere, even here, are traces of the use the Monument was put to from the edict of the suppression of monasteries in 1790 until nine years ago, when the late Emperor Napoleon restored it to the bishopric of Avranches and Cou-

tances. It was used as a prison, and the nave of the church itself was divided into three storeys, which were turned into workshops for the prisoners, whilst the walls, with their sculptures and bas-reliefs and frescoes, were thickly whitewashed. Beneath the nave of the church lies an immense saloon, gloomy and vaulted, which was the ancient cemetery of the monks. In the midst of this darksome place are found the entrances to some *oubliettes*, places of oblivion, where persons condemned to be buried alive were left to their horrible fate. At the end of this saloon are also the entrances to several flights of steps, which descend to unknown vaults and caves in the rock, but they have not lately been explored, and are fallen into ruins.

A very singular crypt lies below the choir of the church. It contains a cluster of enormous round columns, set very closely together, to the number of twenty. The whole place is subterranean, of vast proportions, and of excessive gloom, being lighted only by a feeble lamp burning before a figure of the Virgin, which is placed in the midst of the clusters of pillars.

We are conducted through a damp and sombre gallery, with a faint streak of daylight here and there making the road practicable, to see the dungeons and the miserable black holes where, in the good old times, distinguished offenders were imprisoned. Here was a famous cage for such eminent persons, made of thick beams set three inches apart. One of the last occupants was an unfortunate German writer, Dubourg, who had offended the tyrant Louis XIV, and who passed long years in it, occupying himself with carving the beams with a nail. The unhappy man is said to have perished miserably, being completely paralysed in his limbs by the cold and damp, and disabled from defending himself against the rats that invaded his horrible cage.

We are glad to get out of these gloomy galleries, after watching some men wind provisions up into the monastery by treading an enormous wooden wheel, and so drawing them along an almost perpendicular shoot. There are a few more turrets and platforms to visit, and then we escape from the dark and heavy place into the open day and bright sunshine of the outer air. We are in time to have a stroll round the rock before the sun sets. It is not more than three quarters of a mile, and the only attraction is to get a little way from the mount to see how high it stands above us. There is a curious noise under our feet, which puzzles us at first; and knowing that there are said to be quicksands about, it has the effect of making us hurry back to the solid rock under the wall. As we tread upon the sand, a low, indistinct sound—you might call it a sigh or a squeak, according to your temperament and frame of mind—follows each step. But after all we discover that it is nothing more than the air that has been shut in under the sand by the last tide, which is set free by the pressure of our feet.

The sun is setting as we reach the gate again, and half the population are gathered about it with sun-burnt and weather-beaten faces, mostly calm and unexcited, as of people who know nothing of the turmoil and strife of modern times, and whose chief care is to seek their daily food upon the sands surrounding their rock. After we have had dinner in the inn-parlour, as there are other guests to be served and no room for us, chairs are placed out in

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the street near the door; and we sit there awhile, wondering if we can be in the same hemisphere that contains London and Paris. Before us rises the black wall of the ramparts; a narrow strip of sky passes over our heads, with stars beginning to twinkle all along it; the dark gateway, with its strange, grotesque figures coming through it homewards, stands close by; and just beside us is the inn-kitchen, with its open hearth and crackling fire of sticks; its gipsy-looking landlady cooking delicious omelettes and fried fish over it; a group of solemn-looking men eating their supper in silence, their brown faces lit up by a bright oil lamp; and the same clear light falling upon the curly head of a little child, who is sleeping soundly on a bed in a low recess, with scarlet curtains before it, very like one of the berths on board the steamer which brought us to St. Malo.

At nine o'clock our landlord conducts us, with a lantern to guide our steps, along the narrow street, telling us as much of his own history as he can get in by the way, and he leaves us in unshared possession of our house on the ramparts. We can hear from our beds the ceaseless rustling of the poplar leaves, and the far-off wail of a sea-gull; and are conscious of nothing else, until suddenly our eyes open to see a crimson ball of fire rising out of the distant sea line, and flooding the brown, barren plain with a ruddy bright glare which picks out every ripple on the sand, and makes the whole landscape stretched before our eyes wild and weird even in the morning light. For a minute we fancy we are dreaming of the desert, and of sunrise across it; but this is no dream. The sun is rising over the sands round the Mont St. Michel; and one of our long cherished dreams has been realised.

A pleasant morning we spend in loitering about the ramparts, exploring every nook and corner of the rock, and talking with the natives, who are at leisure until the hour when the visitors begin to come. Before the morning has worn away we seem to know everybody, and to be known by them. We have found out the respectable people and the discreditable people; we have watched the troop of boys and girls mounting the flights of steps leading to the monastery, as they carry their water-jars and pails to fill them at the cistern, which is open to them once a day; we have discovered a black-faced sheep, tethered on a little platform of a garden levelled on the rock; visited the town church, and heard that the inhabitants, very like those of larger places, shirk the services, and prefer the short low mass of the monastery to the long, high mass of their parish church; we have copied an inscription over a grave in the burial ground:—"I was like you; you will be like me;" we have been sitting upon the grassy steps in the shade, and watched the lizards run about the wall; and we have made out every tower and half-moon and bastion along the fortifications.

All this we have done, yet the one thing we came for we have not seen, and cannot see, unless we stay here a whole week. The tide which pours in over the level sands, and advances against the mount like a horse at full gallop, and dashes so fiercely against its rocks and walls as sometimes to break into the guard-house in the outer court, does so only at spring-tides, and now we are precisely at dead water, when the sea lies peacefully off yonder in the distance, like a sleeping lamb. There is no help for it. We feel as if we knew everything that could ever happen

in this out-of-the-world spot; all its resources are known to us, there is not a spot left to be explored. To stay a week here, without books, newspapers, or work, would be impossible. We promise ourselves to come again some time when the tide will be high; and we bid farewell to the Mont St. Michel, with some of the regret one feels in quitting an old familiar place. When we are miles away, we look back for the last time and see the Monument standing out, a miniature rock in a miniature bay, but still distinct and clear, as a place standing alone, and set upon a hill.

### CORAL CAVES WITH HUMAN REMAINS.

BEING NOTES ON CAVES WITH HUMAN BONES IN STALAGMITE, ON MANGAIA, IN THE HERVEY ISLANDS; AND ON THE ETHNOLOGY OF THE INHABITANTS.

BY THE REV. W. WYATT GILL, B.A.

NEARLY one half of my life has been spent on the little island of Mangaia (the "Mangea" of Captain Cook), one of the seven islands constituting the Hervey Group. Mangaia is in  $21^{\circ} 57'$  south latitude, and  $151^{\circ} 7'$  west longitude. It is nearly twenty miles in circumference, and not more than 800 feet above the sea level, with an unbroken fringing reef. The interior of the island is formed of dark volcanic rock rising in low hills from a single flat-topped centre. There is no lagoon. Streams of water, after fertilising some thousands of taro plantations, find their way to the ocean through a remarkable belt of uplifted dead coral, which, like a cyclopean wall, surrounds the island. This uplifted mass of coral rock rises gradually at a distance of some 200 yards from the rugged beach, but towards the interior is perpendicular. It is from one to two miles across. In some places to cross it were like walking over a few millions of spear-points. Many are the ghastly wounds occasioned by foot-slips. Numerous sea-shells are embedded in the highest parts. It is everywhere perforated by caverns and galleries. Mangaia thus remarkably displays both the ordinary forms of coral islands; the reef of dead coral and the low shelving elevation and the fringing reef probably denoting subsidence. The caves in the dead coral have been used as habitations, as refuges, and as cemeteries. Scores of them are filled with desiccated human bodies. Stalactite and stalagmite abound, and form thick and fast-growing layers of lime rock.

Soon after my arrival in Mangaia in 1852, I explored a great number of caverns on the southern part of the island. The great cave of Tevaki divides into two branches, the one communicates with the sea, the other, with a glittering stalactite roof, terminates abruptly in an awful chasm. Pursuit of a tribe entrenched in such a natural fortress were out of the question; the plan adopted in such circumstances was to starve them out. Opposite to this great cave is a lesser one with a low entrance. At the farther end of this I found a quantity of detached human bones, and close by a number of others embedded in the solid limestone wall of the cavern.

Two years ago the rumour of the great interest felt in Europe in the antiquity of the human race reminded me of these cave remains, and so vivid were my first impressions that I was able to go straight to the grotto, and with a hammer detached the few specimens from the rock.

If any ordinary native of Mangaia were asked about these relics of humanity he would merely say they were "taito, taito rava," old, very old, and this would probably delude the European inquirer into the belief that they were of remote antiquity.

The tradition of the "wise men" in relation to the matter is that the sacerdotal clan of Mautara, about the year 1718, A.D., surprised and destroyed Ruanae's cannibal tribe at Pukuotai, a spot about a mile from the grotto. This event has been immortalised in song by the chief Potiki in his lament for vaiaa, beginning thus:—

*Solo.*

Kua pau te vaka o Ruanae!  
Ana mai nei kua tuā tei Atea!  
Te viri nei i te ara ē!

The clan of Ruanae has perished:  
As the reef covered with dead fish  
Is the ground where they fought.

*Chorus.*

E vaio ia ngaere i reira ē!  
Let their carcases rot there!  
etc., etc., etc., etc.,

The bodies of some of the most distinguished were conveyed by their friends to the neighbouring caves and piled up there on wooden platforms. As the wood decayed, the bones were scattered over the damp floor.

I left behind in the mission house at Mangaia some human bones of a more remote date, but in a much better state of preservation, a circumstance owing to the dryness of the cave in which they were found. These relics are stated by the "wise men" to be the remains of invaders from Tubuai, who effected a landing, and at first overran the island in the reign of Amu, but were eventually deceived and destroyed by the aborigines of Mangaia. Amu was the fourth sovereign chief of the little island; the battle which sealed the fate of the invaders was the fourth ever fought on Mangaia. At first sight the bones chipped out of the rock seem to be of much higher antiquity than the relics of the invaders from Tubuai. Yet this is not the case.

The idea I wish to impress upon my readers is, the modern origin of the Hervey Islanders, and (as I believe) of the Eastern Pacific Islanders. Tahiti and the neighbouring islands were peopled some generations previous to the Hervey Islands, the first island colonised in that neighbourhood being Raiatea, the centre of a widely extended and most sanguinary worship. Those islanders speak of their ancestors as having come *up* from the "po" ("darkness") or from "Hawai'i" (Savai'i). By "coming up out of darkness," no doubt the lands where the sun sets are intended; and "Hawai'i" is Savai'i, the largest island in the Samoan Group. Of course "Hawai'i" naturally reminds one of the great island in the Sandwich Group; but the traditions of our eastern islands all point westward, *not* northward.

A close study of the question for several years past induces me to believe that the Hervey Group was colonised about five or six centuries ago. The grounds of my belief are the following particulars derived from the natives:—

1. As to the lovely queen-island of the group, RAROTONGA. A celebrated chief, Makea Karika, sailed from Manu'a, the most easterly island (or, more strictly, *cluster*) of the Samoan Group, and first disco-

vered and settled on Rarotonga, so named "in memory of Western Tonga." Eight times did this daring voyager traverse the ocean, the last time to return no more. It is believed that he perished in a storm. But the colony he founded prospered under the rule of his son. This is well known at Manu'a as well as at Rarotonga. When the martyr missionary Williams discovered Rarotonga in 1823, the twenty-fourth Makea was king of the island, or as it is still termed, "the Tongan Kingdom" ("te au o Tonga"). "Makea" is a title of office, like "Pharaoh" and "Candace." Allowing to each a reign of twenty-five years, we attain a total of 600 years; but from what one knows of savage life, twenty-five years is too long a period.

There is on Rarotonga a lesser chief, Tinomana, likewise descended from Makea Karika. In the year of the discovery of the island, the nineteenth in direct descent was then ruling over his tribe. Allowing, as in the former instance, twenty-five years to each chief of the subordinate branch, we obtain a total of 475 years.

2. A hundred miles north of Mangaia is the island of ATIU, which exercises sovereign authority over the lesser islands of Mitiaro and Mauke. Mana, the old chief and "wise man" of Atiu, acknowledged that his ancestors sprang from the renowned Makea Karika family. Being a younger branch, the oppressive law of primogeniture induced the first chief of Atiu to seek a home elsewhere: so he collected his vassals and departed to the comparatively barren isle, so like Mangaia, still in possession of his descendants. This, to a native mind, humbling confession was made a few years back upon the marriage of the present chief (Povaru) of Atiu, with Takau, the reigning Makea of Rarotonga. I have in my possession a long and wonderful account of the origin of all things at Atiu; but it cannot be doubted that these are the echoes of older traditions adapted to new circumstances by the all-powerful priest of Terongo, tutelar god of Atiu.

3. With regard to the history of *Mangaia*, a great difficulty in settling the question arises from the fact that these restless, fierce islanders were no respecters of kings. Most of their royal personages were from time to time murdered by their subjects at the instigation of the priests. These crafty fellows well knew that their own persons were generally safe on account of their ghostly functions. We turn, then, from the list of kings—in which there are numerous interregna—to the well-known succession of priests of the three principal gods of Mangaia. This gives us only *nine* very long lives; or, to speak with absolute correctness, seven *very* long lives and two shorter ones (of murdered priests). Allowing each priest to discharge his functions during the long period of fifty years, we get a result of 450 years.

The Mangaian themselves trace their origin to AVAIKI, or "nether-world;" but "Avaiiki," Hawai'i, and "Savai'i," are but slightly different forms of *one word*. The *S* of the Samoan dialect is invariably dropped in the Hervey Group dialects, whilst a *k* is substituted for the break at the end. No native of these days doubts that by "*Avaiiki*" his ancestors really intended "Savai'i," the largest island of the Samoan Group. In Polynesia, to sail *west* is to go *down*; to sail *east* is to go *up*. To sail from Samoa to Mangaia would be "to come up," or, to translate their vernacular closely, "to climb up." In their songs and myths are many references to "the hosts

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of Ukupolu," undoubtedly the "Upolu" of Samoa. At Rarotonga "Upolu" is "Kupolu." In one myth the god Tanē, which I identify with ʻTane, is represented as travelling in a canoe from "Ukupolu" to "Avaiki," which is the usual mode of communication between Upolu and Savai'i, the islands being only a few miles apart. In heathen times when a man died, his spirit was supposed to return to "Avaiki," i.e., the ancient home of their ancestors in the region of sunset. In course of time this was expanded into the belief that "Avaiki" was a vast hollow beneath them.

The natives of Penrhyn's assert that the spirits of the dead go to Savai'i, evidently the Savai'i of Samoa.

A single tribe on Rarotonga and Mangaia trace their immediate origin to Tahiti; but assert that a few generations earlier their progenitors came from Avaiki. Their god is the Tanē referred to, who went from "Ukupolu" to "Avaiki."

In passing I may observe, that the name "Samoa" means "the family or clan of the Moa," whose lineal descendant still bearing the time-honoured name of "Moa" is still living on Manu'a, whence Makea Karika sailed for Rarotonga. This "Moa" far back in remote antiquity arrived there from the west.

Four hundred and fifty miles north of Samoa are the eight inhabited low coral islands known as the Ellice Group. With the exception of the Nui Islanders, who trace their origin to the Kingsmill Group, they are, according to their own account, the children of a number of Samoans who drifted to Vaitupu several generations ago. A few months ago the inhabitants of Vaitupu pointed out to me, as they had previously done to other visitors, the identical chesnut-tree planted by their ancestors on their first landing.

The Kingsmill Islanders are, I believe, understood to have come from Japan. Their colour, language, and features are very different from the lighter-coloured Samoans and Rarotongans.

The natives of Penrhyn's trace their origin to Mahuta, an expelled chief of Manihiki and Rakanga. These latter came from Rarotonga.

The Easter Islanders claim to have come originally from Mangaia. From conversations with some of the Easter Islanders, I conclude their island to be the long and vainly-sought for island of Tuanaki, of which I have heard the old men speak, and after which the south-western part of Mangiā is named.

The problem now remaining is, to ascertain whence the Samoans sprang. Those islanders, I believe, still point to the setting sun; but, more definite information is needed. A brother missionary long resident in Samoa, told me that he recognised the name of a mountain in Java in their ancient myths with which he is well acquainted. On landing on the eastern peninsula of New Guinea last November, we were struck with the evident similarity of those light-skinned natives to the Samoans and Rarotongans; only it seemed to me that they were physically inferior, owing probably to the depressing influence of fever and deficient food. Many words in all three dialects were identical, such as the words for "eye," "hand," "yes," &c. The *r* of our Polynesian dialects, was, however, dropped.

Of the Asiatic and Semitic origin of the race amongst whom I have spent so many years, it seems to me there can be no reasonable doubt. The very modern colonisation of the Hervey Group is unquestionable.

The implements which I possess were not from the cave, but were actually used by the present or last generation. I point to the remarkable oval sling-stone of stalagmite limestone, to the axes of jade, basalt, and greenstone, to the hafted axes of basalt, as illustrating by recent examples the history of the extinct Stone Age of Europe.

*Form of Prayer used on public occasions at the marae of Tangaroa, Rarotonga, until the subversion of idolatry.*

*Priest.*

Vananga mai te tupua Tangaroa,  
Ki tapatapa atua,  
Kimo Tangoroa! Kimo!  
Speak, thou ancient Tangoroa,  
To thy worshippers,  
Praise Tangaroa! praise (him).

*People.*

Kimo! Kimo! Ourourourō!  
Iē.  
Praise (him). Praise (him) Ha! ha!  
(War dance).

*Priest.*

Vananga mai nga atua.  
Vananga mai nga ariki  
Teia te turanga pure, aku atua.  
Let the gods speak,  
Let the kings rule.  
We offer thee worship, O god!

*Priest.*

O Atia ra te pou enua ia,  
Ei tupuranga tupuranga, e torō!  
Atia is the original land  
From which we sprang.

*Priest.*

Avaiki ra te pou enua ia,  
Ei tupuranga tupuranga, e rire!  
Avaiki is the original land  
From which some came.

*Priest.*

Kuporu ra te pou enua ia,  
Ei tupuranga tupuranga, e torō!  
Kuporu is the original land  
From which we sprang.

*Priest.*

Vavau ra te pou enua ia,  
Ei tupuranga tupuranga, e rire!  
Vavau is the original land  
From which some came.

*Priest.*

Manuka ra te pou enua ia,  
Ei tupuranga tupuranga, e torō!  
Manuka is the original land  
From which we sprang.

Is "Atia" the "Asia" of the civilised world, or the name of some undiscovered island? It is no objection to the first alternative that the one is spelt with a *t*, and the other with an *s*, as the *s* is either omitted or represented by the letter *t* in the Hervey Group. The native account of "Atia" is, that it is an enclosure, out of which came the primary gods of

Rarotonga. "Atea" (Vatea or Avatea—Noon), their ancestor, split open the solid rock and permitted the gods Tu, Tangaroa, Rongo, Tanè, and Tongaiti joyfully to emerge out of utter darkness (po) to the light of day. I incline to take it as the name of some island westward of Samoa. Or is it to be regarded as an etymological speculation founded on the verb "aati," "to break?"

Bows and arrows were used in the eastern Polynesian Islands; at Mangaia they were used for sport, not for war; the reason being that their persons were so well defended with folds of cloth, that such arrows as they could get would not have pierced the skin. It is quite different amongst the naked savages of Western Polynesia.

## Varieties.

**MEMORIAL WINDOW IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO GEORGE HERBERT AND WILLIAM COWPER.**—The Dean of Westminster proposes to place in the Abbey, in the chapel where is the monument to William Wordsworth, a memorial to the two Christian poets—George Herbert and William Cowper, both educated at Westminster school. It was the intention of the Dean to have included a third name, that of Charles Wesley, also an old Westminster boy, but this is now superseded by the erection of a statue, near that of Isaac Watts. Before making any public announcement, a circular was issued to a few friends likely to take interest in the proposal. One of these circulars having come into the hands of an American, Mr. G. W. Childs, the proprietor of the "Philadelphia Ledger," Mr. Childs asked the privilege of bearing the whole cost of the proposed memorial. Dean Stanley responded to the generous offer in the same spirit in which it was made. It is a happy incident of international courtesy, in regard to names which are held in grateful remembrance in both countries. As an American, Francis Boott, of Boston, had the honour of placing the monument to Henry Kirke White at Cambridge, so the name of another American, George William Childs, of Philadelphia, will be associated with the Westminster memorial to Herbert and Cowper.

**RAROTONGA NEWSPAPER.**—"The Flying Bird" (Temanu rere) is the title of the first newspaper ever published in the Hervey Group, South Pacific. It is entirely in the native language, comprising four small folio pages. It is self-supporting. At first it was issued monthly, but now quarterly, on account of the multifarious duties of the editor, the Rev. J. Chalmers. About one-half the contents are furnished by natives; the rest being from the pen of their missionary. It contains shipping intelligence, an epitome of the news of the world, racy leaders on social matters affecting the islanders, and one article in elucidation of Holy Writ. The "Flying Bird" is printed by natives at the Rarotongan mission press. It has been in existence three years, and is well adapted to stimulate the native intellect.

**BISHOP WILBERFORCE.**—Such was his industry that he had mastered every subject of conversation, and such his address that he was everywhere the chief as well as the most agreeable informant. He could talk about politics; about polemics when necessary; about the history and literature of the last and present centuries; about pictures, parks and gardens, trees and shrubs, and all that is dear to country gentlemen; he had gossip for the ten thousand, and whatever he said, he could always say it well, and in as kindly a manner as the subject allowed. Few people knew more of the country we live in. Had he never been seen out of a dining-room, he would still have been one of our notables. But he was as great and as successful in the Church and in the Senate, within the rather circumscribed sphere of success allowed to an English prelate. Pitt used to say that Wilberforce was the only man he was never tired of listening to; and we doubt whether anybody was ever wearied, or otherwise than pleased, with Dr. Wilberforce's speeches or sermons. Even when he was unprepared or fatigued, the richness of his voice and the variety of his intonations made all music to the hearers. Did he look before him, on the level of this dull champaign, or to that higher region so often on his

lips? We can none of us be judges. Nor is it our concern. All that we can see, all that we need recognise, and what we certainly are bound to recognise, is an uninterrupted career of intense, earnest, and steadfast devotion to the highest objects within our ken, and to the best possible discharge of an Englishman's duties to the Church, to society, and to mankind, not forgetting the special object of universal emancipation, inherited as a sacred trust from his venerated father.—*The Times*.

**BIBLE IN SCHOOL.**—The "Bible in school" question in Ohio has been settled by a ruling of the Supreme Court that the constitution of the State has no relation to the question; but by legislative enactment the management of public schools has been put in the hands of trustees and other officers, and it is for them, and for no one else, to determine whether the Bible shall or shall not be used in the schools under their charge. The decision was given by a full bench of judges. The people must elect school officers who believe that the Bible ought to be read in the schools.—*New York Observer*.

**EPIDEMICS.**—Surgeon-Major Atchison suggests that, instead of congregating the infected in hospitals, the plan should be followed as in India, in the case of an epidemic breaking out, viz.—"pitch tents, wooden huts, or roomy sheds in some high and airy situation, quarantine the encampment, and, on the subsidence of the disease, disinfect or burn the camp." In this way three great principles of hygiene—fresh air, non-contact, and promptness of treatment—are enforced. The progress of the epidemic would thus be speedily arrested, instead of its becoming more virulent and difficult to exterminate, in consequence of its multiplication and wider distribution.

**"PROTESTANT."**—The following letter lately appeared in the "Rock": "Sir,—In one of your leaders I observe that you call attention to a question, 'Is the name "Protestant" to be found in the Scriptures?' If he or any of your readers will turn to the Vulgate version of 2 Chronicles xxiv. 19, they will find the very word thus written: 'Quos Protestantes illi audire nolebant,' referring to those prophets whom Jehovah sent to testify against the follies and idolatries of the Jewish apostates of that day (B.C. 856), just as Protestant Christians many centuries later testified at the Diet of Spire, held A.D. 1529, against the crimes and heresies of the Papal Antichrist, and thus became 'Testes pro veritate contra mendacium.'—BOURCHIER W. SAVILE, Rectory, Shillingford, Exeter."

**ISLEWORTH.**—The population—7,000 in 1851—is now 11,500. It is one of the largest suburban parishes, containing about 3,113 acres, including the magnificent property of the Duke of Northumberland, Stion House. It is one of eleven parishes forming the Brentford Union. Market gardening is among the chief occupations of the place. The church was rebuilt of brick in 1706, the stone tower being ancient. A few years since the church was enlarged by the addition of a fine chancel containing a large stained glass window, and a reredos, consisting of five subjects, finely executed in incised work, and the interior refitted with open pews, and stone pulpit and font. There are some wealthy residents, and what is less common, a good deal of liberality and public spirit, of which the reading-room and library, efficient schools, and other local institutions, give proof. The latest parish scheme is a public swimming bath company, established by a small number of the parishioners. The majority of the Isleworth residents are probably of a class who prefer *à fresco* bathing from the banks of the Thames. "A sudden turn of the stream at Isleworth," we are informed by Mr. G. S. Meason, a local authority, "renders the water more pellucid than at any other spot; and the beautiful island in the middle of the river seems placed there to invite the bathers." Public wash-houses for the laundresses and the working people would be another practical scheme for the benefit of Isleworth. Probably this idea is under consideration, a space for suitable buildings being reserved, and hot water at hand. Having mentioned Brentford, I may say that lately having occasion to visit that venerable town, the number of public-houses seems something astounding. I was told that some hundreds of pounds are left in the town every Saturday night by the toppers from this and surrounding parishes. I suppose Brentford must have some exceptional privileges in the way of "free" beer-shops, dating from the time when it was a separate principality under three kings. No modern bench of licensing magistrates could sanction the existing state of things in Brentford, which in respect to the multitude of drinking-places is a disgrace to the county. Every third or fourth house in the main street seems to have a sign. The publicans can certainly return any candidate they patronise, so far as this division of the county goes. J. M.

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